

THE CHILD'S NEWSPAPER.

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THE CHILD'S NEWSPAPER is edited by REV. THOMAS BRAINERD, assisted by REV. B. F. AYDELOTTE, under the supervision of a Committee appointed by the Cincinnati Sunday School Union. The following gentlemen compose this Committee: viz. W. S. Ridgely, M. D., of the Presbyterian Church; Mr. Jeremiah Butler, of the Episcopal Church; Mr. William Bond, of the Baptist Church; and Mr. Joseph Hudson, of the Protestant Methodist Church.

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THE BOA.

The Boa is a serpent, or great snake, which is found in India. It sometimes measures thirty feet in length, and when swelled out by food, is some feet in circumference. Its color is a yellowish brown. This brown is dotted here and there with spots of black. It will kill a Buffalo in a few minutes. It is said that a poor sailor once lay down to sleep on the sand, little thinking what would befall him. One of these great serpents came along and seized the man by the waist, and wound itself around his limbs, and then drew up itself and crushed the poor man to jelly, and then swallowed him.

It never chews its food. It winds round and round it, breaks it fine, and then covers it with a slimy substance and takes it down whole. When hungry, the Boa is lively, but when full it lies still several days, and in this condition it is easily killed.

Its bite is not poisonous, but its frightful appearance and great strength, make it an object of terror.

In the picture above, the Boa is represented in the act of killing a man and horse. In future papers we shall tell you more about serpents.

THE STOLEN HORSE.

A fine horse, belonging to a certain farmer, was one night stolen from his stable. The worthy man desiring to purchase another, betook himself, shortly after, to a cattle-show, which was held at a neighboring town.

He was considerably astonished on arriving there to see his own horse among those which were offered for sale. He seized him immediately by the bridle, and exclaimed: "This horse belongs to me; it is only three days since he was stolen from me."

"You are mistaken, my dear friend," said, very politely, the person who was trying to dispose of the animal. "The horse has been mine more than a year; he does not belong to you; but it is very possible that he may bear some resemblance to your horse."

The farmer immediately placed both his hands over the eyes of his horse, and said: "Ah, well, if the animal has been yours so long a time, tell me of which eye he is blind."

The fellow, who was in fact, the stealer of the horse, but who had not carefully yet examined the animal, was somewhat confounded by this question. However, as it was necessary for him to make some sort of a reply, he hazarded an answer: "Of the left eye."

"You are wrong there," replied the farmer.—"The animal is not blind of his left eye." "Ah," cried the rogue, "I am mistaken. It is his right eye that he cannot see out of."

Upon this, the farmer removed his hands from the horse's eyes, and said: "It is evident now that you are no better than a rogue and a liar. Look, gentlemen—(here the farmer appealed to the bystanders)—Look! the horse is not blind at all. I have put these questions solely for the purpose of exposing the thief."

All the spectators began now to laugh and clap their hands, and cry: "Caught! caught!"

The thief was obliged to give up the horse; and he was afterwards imprisoned and punished as he deserved.—*Parley.*

WHAT BIRDS MAY BE TAUGHT TO DO.

A Frenchman, not many years ago, exhibited some Canary birds in London, which performed several very amusing tricks, which one would hardly believe had he not seen them. One of them taking a slender stick in his claws, passed its head between its legs, and suffered itself to be turned round, as a bird when the cook is roasting it. Another balanced itself, and was swung backwards and forwards, on a kind of slack rope. A third suffered to be shot at, and falling down as if dead, to be put into a little wheelbarrow and wheeled away by one of his comrades.

Partridges also have been taught to play the part of artillerymen. At the word of command from their teacher, they would light their matches at a little brass furnace—and at the second command, would touch off the cannon, at the noise of which they did not seem to be in the least frightened.

At another signal, some of the little warriors fell on their sides, and pretended to be dead—some limped away as if they were lame; others cried out as if they had been wounded; but at the slightest roll of the drum, the dead partridges jumped up, the cripples recovered the use of their limbs; and all were as lively and happy as ever.

From Scenes in our Parish.

THE GRAVES OF INFANTS.

"It is no small advantage," says old Jeremy Taylor, "that our children, dying young, receive: for their condition of a blessed immortality is rendered to them secure by being snatched from the dangers of an evil choice, and carried to their little cells of felicity, where they can weep no more."—Thus far I read, and then I stopped, and the recollection of some whom I had known thus carried to "their little cells of felicity," recurred to my mind, and it struck me that a relation of some of these real remembrances might interest you, my kind reader. I was standing at my own little room window, the weather was clear and mild, much such a day, I thought (only then it was somewhat later in the year) that now a long while ago, I went to pay a visit to our clerk's wife and her new-born twins. I

had never seen twins; and I remember feeling much delighted—more so, I suppose, than the poor relations could be—when I heard that two had been added to the already large family.

As I went along I could think of nothing but the little brother and sister. I believe they appeared to my mind's eye far more lovely and interesting than any other children could possibly be; and when I saw them wrapped in their long white robes and lying side by side in their neat cradle, I dare say I much amused the grave nurse by the extravagance of my admiration, and, on my part, I remember being much shocked by her calm avowal, "that though poor Mary might not wish to part with either now they had come, to be sure she would sooner have had one at a time, if it had pleased God."—"Sooner have had one at a time," I said, "what, when they look so beautiful lying there together!" It was early spring, and when I had left the house—(they lived then at an old-fashioned cottage at the bottom of a sloping garden, on the right hand side of the upper road)—some one gave me two or three half-opened snow-drops. They were the first I had seen that year; and on my way home, my mind being full of the twin children, as I looked at the fair buds some common-place resemblances naturally enough presented themselves to me. They are come into as stormy a world; growing day by day more lovely; and I forgot whether I then added, perhaps as soon to wither. But I am sure I did not always dwell on the last point of similarity; for when I visited them afterwards—and I did visit them very often—perhaps sometimes when the poor mother, delicate in her health, and fully occupied with the cares of a large family, could have dispensed with my company—I used to meditate, in a very romantic way, on the delights they would have in growing up together. I thought they would never be separated. I tried to believe that this little brother and sister would never wish for any other love than the pure and holy one of which I supposed nature must have implanted in their minds a double share. I fancied the sister, when she grew up, watching her brother's wishes, with woman's quickest perception, and most earnest desire to please, and the brother ever at her side, her protector, and guardian, and friend; and I usually ended by wishing I had a twin brother.

One day, when they were about six weeks old, I was much displeased at finding only one lying in the cradle. The other, the mother said, was asleep up stairs. They disturbed each other, she said, and she had so much work to do that she was glad to let them sleep as long as she could. But her reasoning did not at all satisfy me. I thought it such a great pity to part them—they never looked so pretty as when they were together. I need not have troubled myself, they were not to be separated long.—It was when the snow drops came that I looked first on the little delicate creatures: the snow drops faded, but the white roses and lilies of the valley opened just in time to strew in the short, wide coffin; death, that stern divider of most fellowships, seemed as eager as myself that here there should be no separation. I forget which died first, but the other little one lay quiet until then, and then perhaps hearing its fellow angel call—

"For they say that little infants reply by smiles and signs, To the band of guardian angels that round about them shines,"—it struggled with the bands of mortality, rejoined its beloved companion, and they flew to heaven together. I saw them once more sleeping; but it was the sleep from which the mother's kiss may not

awaken. The disorder which had carried them off having lasted only a few hours, had not in the least marred their beauty. They were still delicately formed and fair children. The eyes were closed, so as to show to advantage the long, soft eye-lashes, and the little dimpled hands were as beautifully rounded as a sculptor would desire to represent them in his pure marble; but they were as motionless as the marble, and as cold. I looked upon them no more, but I remember standing at the garden gate, and listening to the voice which told that "Almighty God, of his great mercy, had taken to himself the souls of our dear brother and sister." They rest together under the chestnut tree, close to our garden hedge, and though at the time I was very sorry to lose such pretty playthings, I have long ceased to regret them. When I see how very much evil there is in the world, how much "sin to blight," and how much "sorrow to fade," can I grieve that so many frail buds are transplanted by the Lord of the garden, to a fairer climate? O no! Jesus said, "suffer the little children to come unto me," and I do believe he said it not only in reference to the group of young Israelites then gathered round him, not *merely* as an encouragement to Christian parents to trust their living treasures to his care, but that his omniscient eye looked round, at that moment, on the innumerable multitude of those little ones, whom his free grace has, in all ages, called to glory.

Such thoughts always arise in my mind with a feeling of something like joy, as I watch the procession of an infant's funeral. A mother, indeed, cannot at the time comfort herself with these considerations. Rachel will weep for her children.—Even when there have been several children, I have seen the remembrance of the lost little one cast a gloom over the mother's brow that the health and mirth of the rest have failed to dispel. So it was with her who has laid her darling close to our altar's rails. You cannot fail to find the grave, for it is marked by a white marble stone, bearing the name, and age, and date of the child's death. The parents came here strangers; and when they left the place, which they did soon after little Mary's funeral, there was not one relation whom the record could interest. But the mother's fancy, doubtless, often hovers round the holy spot, and she feels comforted at the thought,—“the grave cannot be lost, that simple epitaph must preserve it; it cannot be violated, for it is under the shadow of the chancel.” She was buried, I well remember, on her birth day; the day on which, twelve months before, her parents had welcomed their eldest daughter. It was on the first of April, and a very stormy day. The wind drove along before it dark heavy masses of hail clouds, tore off and swept across the church yard the half opened leaves of the chestnut trees, and shook down whole sprays of bud and blossom from the early fruit trees. Ah! what apt emblems every spring brings with it! But little Mary's mother, though whilst she remained here, she never recovered her spirits, and though the large dark eyes were, during the few times I afterwards saw her, always filled with tears, I trust has since regained her cheerfulness. She had no daughter, but she had two fair and healthy little sons; so she ought to have thought herself a happy mother.

But have you ever observed a grave under the south wall of the church. The briar bush, which is cut down every year, and every year springs up so vigorously, grows close to the foot of it. There is no stone, but the poor lady, who has sometimes come from a distance to our church, knows well who sleeps there. I have seen her, when all the congregation was dispersed, and she thought herself unobserved, go round to the grave, and kneeling by it, hide her face, while the whole slight frame shook with the violence of her emotion. Then she would rise up and go away, and then come back and weep again, and stoop down and gather

two or three violets or daises, or if there was nothing else, some blades of the long grass that grew on the grave. Ah! that poor lady knew well who slept there: it was her son; her only son; whom she loved. I have heard that she was not happy in her married state, and perhaps she had hoped that the birth of this child might be the beginning of better days for her. Perhaps she had set her heart on this fair gourd, and trusted in its increasing shadow to be her shelter; having forgotten that all flesh is grass, and the grass withereth. Perhaps she made an “idol,” and found it “clay.” I cannot tell; but he was not, and she refused to be comforted.

CINCINNATI, MARCH 18, 1834.

A THOUSAND MILES OFF.

About two weeks ago, I received a letter from Salem, Massachusetts, enclosing five dollars for seven copies of the “Child's Newspaper.” Salem is 14 miles East of Boston, on the great Atlantic Ocean. The writer of the letter was Mr. S. H. A., the Superintendent of a Sabbath school. Do you ask what the letter said? I will copy some of it, that all our little friends in the West may see how much they are loved by good children in the East.

In this letter, Mr. A. says,—“Our Sabbath school is very large, numbering five hundred and eighty scholars, with seventy-two teachers. Children, parents, and grandparents, are assembled on every Sabbath in the same school and on the first Sabbath of every month, we specially remember the CHILDREN OF THE WEST. Our monthly collection to aid Sunday-schools in the West is then taken up. Last year, we paid or collected for this object, seventy-two dollars, by these monthly collections in the school. Since we have begun these collections we have sent ten libraries, worth 20 dollars each, to the schools in the West which need assistance. So the children of the “great valley” must see that the children of the EAST think a great deal about them and their welfare. And I am sure that they will believe this the more, were I to tell them the various means they make use of to get their money to contribute to the monthly collections. I cannot tell all these ways, nor of course, allude to all the individuals who earn their money to do good to their brothers and sisters beyond the western mountains. But one or two I will mention. My little girls, Fidelia W. and Mary Jane, of their own accord, three or four months since, wished that their Father would allow them one cent each per week (i. e. 4 cents per month) to contribute to the Mon. Col. for S. Schools at the West, they giving up the use of butter. They have cheerfully complied with their proposal ever since. And they take great delight in carrying their cents on the collection Sabbath. I know a boy of 12 or 13 years of age who does the same. One little boy, 7 or 8 years of age, brings in all the wood that is wanted, and earns his money so; while another little girl cleans the knives to earn her money; while a number of others do equally useful things, or deny themselves butter or sugar, or some such luxury, that they may have of their own money to give to the poor S. S. children of the far off West. Perhaps I may sometime write you more of what the children of my S. S. are doing in their way.”

Little Fidelia W. and Mary Jane, mentioned in the above letter, are grand-daughters of the great and good Dr. Worcester, who devoted so much of his life to the cause of missions, and who died far from home among the Cherokee Indians, for whom he had labored so much. These little girls seem to have much of the spirit of their grand-father, who is in heaven. We hope all our little friends will remember that God is pleased, when they sincerely endeavor to do good.

For the Child's Newspaper.

About seven years ago, a pretty, black-eyed little boy, who appeared to be about twelve years of age, was seen at one of the taverns in this place calling for whiskey. The tavern-keeper refused to give him any, thinking, perhaps it might displease his parents, if he did. His father shortly appeared, and told the landlord not to refuse his son liquor, whenever he called for it; for he wished his son to act like a man, and be treated as such. After that time, he was frequently seen coming into the bar-room, and in the presence of his father, (who expressed his satisfaction at his manly behaviour,) calling for his half pint, with an air of the greatest self complacency and hardihood. His father was a very intemperate man, and used a great deal of liquor in his family; he might have held a high station in society, had it not been for intemperance and its attendant vices. About three years ago, after a spell of hard drinking, nature

gave way, and he sunk to rise no more; after lingering a few days, he died without leaving any reasonable hope of a happy change; the minister who preached his funeral sermon, after struggling for some time with his feelings, said all those who die as he did need not expect happiness. But his unhappy son did not take warning by his awful death to forsake his drinking, and flee the wrath to come. He went on from bad to worse, in idleness, lying, swearing, sabbath-breaking, and stealing. He was brought to justice, and sent to prison. His friends hoped this might bring him to forsake his wickedness, but the habit had become too strong; it had grown with his growth, and strengthened with his strength. He went on drinking, and if he worked at all, it was only enough to keep him in liquor—a miserable spectacle of dirt and rags, showing all the marks of premature old age. He was so debased, that he would even lie down in the mud and roll over, for a little money. About two weeks ago, in time of the last snow, as the people of this village were going to church, I saw him in the street, assisting to make a sleigh—poor fellow! he did not think it would be the last Sabbath he would spend on earth, but so it was. On Thursday, he was seen taking his usual round from the tavern to the dram-shop. In the evening he returned home much intoxicated, and in attempting to go up stairs, fell back, as he frequently did. The family did not go to him for some time—at last his mother went to him, and found him dead. A physician was sent for, but in vain—life had fled. Such was the dreadful life, and awful death, of a little boy that drank whiskey. Little children who read this! take warning, and do not drink whiskey, or any kind of strong liquor; and if your parents allow you to drink it, beg them, for the love of God—for the love of your souls—and the love of their own souls, to keep it from you.

W.

For the Child's Newspaper.

THE PEARL.

Mr. Brainerd,--I want to tell your little subscribers a fact that occurred in this city some time since.

I had occasion to call at one of the places called “Coffee Houses,” to do some business with the owner. We went to the back part of the room to talk of the matter in hand. We had conversed but a few minutes, when a very interesting little girl entered, from a back room, with a Bible in her hand; and as nearly as I can recollect, the following dialogue took place.

Little Girl. Uncle, what is “the pearl of great price?”

Uncle. Mary, [the little girl's name was Mary,] go back into the house.

Little Girl. Do tell me uncle—all the rest of the class will know.

Uncle. Did't I tell you to go into the house and not trouble me! I have no time now.

The tears came into the eyes of little Mary, and as she was going away, I called her and said to her—“My little girl, why do you wish to know what is meant in the parable by the pearl of great price?” The little girl said, her Sabbath school teacher had requested all the little girls in her class to tell her on the next Sabbath what the Saviour meant by the pearl of great price. I told little Mary that the Saviour meant RELIGION. The pearl of great price is true happiness, all people are seeking it—but none get to be happy, but those who become good.

That was all I could tell little Mary there, but now I want to tell her some more about it, in the Child's Newspaper.

I told her all people are seeking happiness; but none become happy who do not become pious. Now I am going to tell the reason.

Some seek happiness in riches. Now, although it is right to get riches to do good with them, still they will not make us happy without religion.

Suppose you had a great many things to take care of, and you wanted to get a great many more. Now, the more things you had, the more likely you would be to lose some of them, and then you would cry because it was lost; when, if you had but two or three things to take care of, you could take good care of them all, and you would not have to cry about losing any. Well now, it is just so with rich men who have no religion. They have money in the bank, and they must care for that—and they have a house, and they must care for that—and they have a farm, and they must care for that—and if they lose one

they feel very bad, although they don't cry. I know a rich man in this State that went crazy, because he lost three thousand dollars; and yet he had many thousands left. Now, if he had never had the three thousand, he would not have went crazy; for good people love God more than they love money, so that if they do lose money, they have something better still left. So that the pearl of great price is not riches, for they sometimes make people very unhappy, by dividing and distracting, and troubling their mind. But some seek happiness in honor; but such are very much mistaken. Suppose one of you, little children, were very hungry, and the more you eat the more hungry you would get, would not you be very unhappy? Well, it's just so with those who think that honor is the pearl of great price: the more they get the more unhappy they become, and the more they want.

I have not time to tell any more about it now. Perhaps I shall say more about it another time.

Mr. Editor.—If you think the following Dialogue Hymn would be acceptable to your little readers, you are welcome to insert it in "The Child's Newspaper."

MOTHER.

This life's a storm where dangers dwell,
Where waves of ruin rise and swell,
Or storms deceitful sleep.

SON.

This life, to me's a desert spread,
Yet hope still cheers the path I tread,
Oz, if a sea, no storms I'll dread
Nor darkness on the deep.

MOTHER.

When storms of trouble round thee beat,
Say, darling, say what refuge meet
In sorrow wilt thou find?

SON.

Bright beams "the day-spring from on high,"
'Twill cheer my heart when danger's nigh,
No threat'ning cloud—no frowning sky
Shall shake my peaceful mind.

MOTHER.

But thou art all unskill'd to guide
Thy bark o'er life's tempestuous tide,
Where heaving billows frown.

SON.

My pilot who the helpless saves,
E'en when the howling tempest raves,
Will safe protect me on the waves,
And hush their terrors down.

MOTHER.

But who so mighty, who so wise,
Can guide thee safe when dangers rise,
Or winds and seas control?

SON.

'Tis He who hush'd the winds to rest
On Galilee's wild, stormy breast,
While rushing waves his voice confest,
And durst no longer roll.

MOTHER.

And wilt thou, dear, that voice obey,
E'en when it leads thee far away
From pleasure's path removed?

SON.

If he my wayward heart renew,
His hallowed footsteps I'll pursue,
Where'er they lead this desert through,
Enlightened from above.

V.

LETTERS.

CLINTON COUNTY, OHIO,
February the 21st, 1834.

Dear Sir.—By the permission of Divine Providence, I received one of your numbers, called the Child's Newspaper, on Sabbath last; and after perusing it, I came to the conclusion to obtain it for one year at least, (if I could,) and having no money of my own, and being yet too young to earn any, I applied to my father for one dollar, which he has promised to lend me: and, dear sir, my heart rejoices to think

I may, through your instrumentality and the assistance of my father, receive such a valuable newspaper. For since I left my native State (viz. New Jersey) my advantages for improvement have been very limited—seldom preaching—no Sabbath school—no day school nearer than three miles. This from a child eleven years old, but a friend to all that is good. Believe me your friend and well wisher, while I subscribe my name,

W. W. M.

P. S. I enclose one dollar for one year. I would be pleased to have all the numbers from the first to the one due on the receipt of this.

REV. T. BRAINERD.

REMARKS.

I am very glad that I am allowed to furnish so many children in the country with something useful to read, and I should be pleased to send the "Child's Newspaper" to every little boy and girl west of the mountains.

SHELBYVILLE, Tennessee, February 24th, 1834.

Messrs. Corey & Fairbank:

Gentlemen,—I had the pleasure of examining the two first numbers of the Child's Newspaper, handed me by Rev. Geo. Newton of this place, and I am well pleased with them. My father has been so good as to give me a dollar, to be a subscriber. I send the same by my uncle; which when you receive, you will please send me the first number.

Respectfully your friend,

A. E.

Letter from our Agent.

On Thursday last, the following letter from our Agent in Oxford, was received.

OXFORD, FEB' 22, 1834.

Messrs. Corey & Fairbank:—I have succeeded in obtaining 8 more subscribers to the Child's Newspaper, making in all 25 subscribers, which I obtained with very little trouble. I have been agent for many newspapers, but never for one which recommended itself to the public so readily as does this little instructor of righteousness, to the rising generation. I hope at least one Elder in every session will find it a glorious privilege to circulate this little paper among the youth within his bounds. It is calculated to do more good in a family of children, by giving a taste for reading, than a Sabbath School teacher could do. My two little children could not be more elated at the idea of receiving a hundred dollars, than their paper.

Yours,

R. J.

"WAKE ME UP EARLY."

So said a sweet little girl in Kentucky when she had received her "Child's Newspaper" late in the evening, and wished to finish reading it. Her mother promised to awake her early, and little E. laid down on her pillow, and having offered thanks to God for his care of her through the day, and prayed him to watch over her through the night, she fell asleep.

As she was accustomed to work in the Factory, she had no other time to read her newspaper, than mornings and evenings; and this was the reason she desired to wake early.

Her mother did not forget her promise. Long before sunrise she went to the bed side of little E. and said, "Come wake up." Little E. started and said, "Why, mother, I was dreaming that you had come and waked me up, and that I had sat down by the fire side to read my newspaper."

We shall be very glad, if our little paper, becomes the means of persuading all our subscribers to rise early in the morning. Those who sleep in the morning are generally stupid all day; and besides this, time is precious, and every hour which we spend in unnecessary sleep, is taking so much from our short life on earth.

"Early to bed, and early to rise,

Is the way to become healthy, wealthy, and wise."

BITS OF NEWS.

Accident.—A boy by the name of Peter Shields, about 14 years of age, employed in the hair manufactory of Mr. Sturges, in the rear of 83 Orange street, came to his death on Saturday afternoon in consequence of the breaking of the machinery, by which a piece of cast iron cylinder flew off, and striking him on the head instantly killed him. Another boy standing near received a slight wound in the face.—*N. Y. Paper.*

Dreadful Outrage.—The Providence Journal of Saturday says: A villain applied, last evening, at the house of Samuel Reynolds, Esq. in Exeter, in this State, (Rhode Island,) at the Old Turnpike House on the New London Turnpike, for lodgings, which was granted to him. About midnight, he attacked two boys in the upper chamber, with an axe. Both their heads were badly fractured, and an arm of one broken in two places. The next attack was made on Mr. Reynolds, who was stabbed in seven places, and is supposed to be mortally wounded. Mrs. Reynolds received two stabs in the breast, but succeeded in making her escape. The fellow, who was armed with a club, an axe, and two knives, then decamped, and the officers of justice are in pursuit of him.

The Old Frog.—The old frog discovered in a mill stone grit near Brough, in July, 1832, and believed, says the Westmoreland Gazette, which is our authority, to have lived in the time of Noah, before the flood, we regret to say, has "sickened, drooped, and died," at the advanced age of about four thousand years! Mr. Romney, surgeon at Brough, with whom it resided since its restoration, now it is hoped will favor the public with a biographical memoir.—*Spirit of the Age.*

The London Morning Herald of the 8th says.—The city of London has 194,000 houses and 1,474,000 inhabitants. Paris has 45,000 houses and 774,000 inhabitants. Petersburg has 9,500 houses and 449,000 inhabitants. Naples 40,000 houses and 260,000 inhabitants. There must be a mistake in the above; in St. Petersburg it would give near 50 people to a house.

THE FUNERAL.

A funeral is a solemn sight. The hearse, the mourning friends, the cold grave, all conspire to solemnize the mind. When we witness the last, sad respects paid to a near and dear friend—when those we have tenderly loved, are carried to the house appointed for all the living—it is then that we feel that life is brief, and that he alone is blest whose hopes are centered in a glorious Redeemer.

We have just seen carried to the tomb, one who but recently was gay and happy in the buoyancy of youth. She was a Sabbath school scholar, and many and many a time has she listened to our voice, while we attempted to impart to her those truths which are able to make us wise unto salvation. Within the last two or three months, her parents have been called to mourn as they have followed one, and another, and another, and now a fourth child is gone. Truly, they have been severely afflicted; the rod of chastisement has been often and keenly repeated.—They were all Sabbath School scholars; but what benefit they derived from the instructions they received, is known only to Him, who has called them thus early away. The school to which they belonged is small—and out of that number four children have very recently been removed by death. How solemnly should this truth, 'I too must die,' be impressed upon every youthful heart. From your little circles how often is one and another removed; and yet how careless you remain. God seems to be speaking to you from heaven, in these solemn visitations, and warning you to be prepared for the awful summons of death. Though seemingly nerved with strength, you must bow to the fell destroyer; you must go down to the tomb. Sweet—how sweet must be the reflection to a dying youth, 'I have loved and served my Redeemer, and now I know that I am going into his presence, to reign with him forever.' And oh, may these reflections be yours, when 'closing your eyes on earthly scenes.'—*S. S. Instructor.*

How to get a tight ring off a finger.—Thread a needle flat in the eye with strong thread; pass the head of the needle, with care, under the ring, and pull the thread through a few inches towards the hand; wrap the long end of the thread tightly round the finger, regularly, all down to the nail, to reduce its size. Then lay hold of the short end of the thread and unwind it. The thread pressing against the ring, will gradually remove it from the finger. This never-failing method will remove the tightest ring without difficulty, however much swollen the finger may be.

POETRY.

CHILDREN AT PLAY.

Up in the morning as soon as the lark,
Late in the evening, when falleth the dark,
Far in the moorland, or under the tree,
Come the sweet voices of children to me.

I am an old man, my hair it is gray,
But I sit in the sunshine to watch you at play,
And a kindlier current doth run through the vein,
And I bless you, bright creatures, again and again.

I rejoice in your sports, in the warm sunny weather,
With hand locked in hand, when ye're striving together,
But I see what ye see not, the sorrow and strife
Of the years that will come in the contest of life.

For I am an old man, and age looketh on,
For the time that will be, from the time that hath gone:
But you, blessed creatures, ye think not of sorrow,
Your joy is to-day, and ye have no to-morrow.

Aye; sport ye—and wrestle—be glad as the sun,
And lie down to rest, when your pastime is done,
For your dreams are of sunshine, of blossoms and dew,
And the God of the blessed doth watch over you.

And the angels of heaven are missioned to keep
Unbroken the calm of your sealed sleep;
And an old man's blessing doth on you dwell
The whole day long; and so fare ye well.

MARY'S LAMB.

Mary had a little lamb,
His fleece was white as snow,
And every where that Mary went
The lamb was sure to go;
He followed her to school one day—
That was against the rule;
It made the children laugh and play,
To see a lamb at school.

And so the teacher turned him out,
But still he lingered near,
And waited patiently about,
Till Mary did appear;
And then he ran to her, and laid
His head upon her arm,
As if he said—'I'm not afraid—
You'll keep me from all harm.'

'What makes the lamb love Mary so?'
The eager children cry—
O, Mary loves the lamb, you know,'
The teacher did reply;—
And you each gentle animal
In confidence may bind,
And make them follow at your call,
If you are always kind.'

From the St. Louis Observer.

"MY MOTHER NEVER TELLS LIES."

A few days since, some females met at the house of a friend in this city, for an evening visit, when the following scene and conversation occurred.

The child of one of the females, about five years old, was guilty of rude, noisy conduct, very improper on all occasions, and particularly so in a stranger's house. The mother kindly reproved her:

"Sarah, you must not do so."

The child soon forgot the reproof, and became as noisy as ever. The mother firmly said,

"Sarah, if you do so again I will punish you."

But not long after, Sarah did so again. When the company were about to separate, the mother stepped into a neighbor's house, intending to return for the child. During her absence, the thought of going home, recalled to the mind of Sarah, the punishment which her mother told her she might expect. The recollection turned her rudeness and thoughtlessness into sorrow. A young lady present, observing it and learning the cause, in order to pacify her, said,

"Never mind, I will ask your mother not to whip you."

"Oh," said Sarah, "that will do no good. My mother never tells lies!"

Said my informant, who is also a parent, "I learned a lesson from the reply of that child, which I shall never forget. It is worth every thing in the training of a child, to make it feel that its Mother

never tells lies." It is a lesson which, I hope, will never be forgotten by

A PARENT.

From the New-York Evangelist.

LETTER TO CHILDREN.

When I was a little boy going to school, the spotted fever came among us. It was a dying time. One day when we were in the school-house at noon, a scholar came in and said, Mr. P. is dead. And another one said, Mr. C. is dead too. It started us. All were silent. Not one moved or spoke, until a little girl said, "I don't care if every body dies, only *dad and mam and I*." She was an only child, and I suppose she was spoiled by the over fondness of her parents.

Now, dear children, I suppose you will be saying, "That was coarse, that was wicked, to feel and say so." Well, it was. I never shall forget it. But that is just like many other children. And even some *men* "are but taller children." Any thing is good or bad, in their view, just as it touches their relations. Some people seem to care nothing whether all the world live ignorant and wicked, and die in their sins, and go down to darkness and despair; if "*dad and mam and I*," can be happy. And when they give away any money, it is to buy ornaments for themselves or children, or to get the name of not being niggardly.

"He clothes the naked every day,
When he puts on his clothes."

His love for a fallen world is bounded by his line fence; east and west, north and south. He would give more for ague here, than he would to give Bibles to six hundred millions of his fellow men. But this side of the picture is too dark to look at. Turn over a leaf.

Turn off your eye from such characters and look on Him who but his soul to grief, and gave his body to pain, to save not his father or mother or some dear friends, but to save his enemies. O what a wide difference! Think of the Savior. "For ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that, though he was rich yet for your sakes he became poor, that ye through his poverty might be rich." See him in heaven, at his father's right hand. He was the maker and owner of the worlds. The stars that you see in the night, all things were made by him. There he was high enthroned in light. But he looked down upon a wicked world, and saw no eye to pity, no arm to save. His own eye pitted. He laid aside his riches. He came to save us from hell. See him from his cradle to his cross a man of sorrows.

Dear children, try to be like Jesus. How kind he is. You should be kind. How he loved his enemies! You should love yours. He gave his riches to save sinners. How much will you give? He gave himself to death—to a cruel death. You should give yourself, your life and you all to do good. You will then hear the Savior say, at last, "*well done*."

CHILDREN'S MINISTER.

From the Sunday-School Journal.

A GOOD EXAMPLE.

"How did you get here so soon this morning, George?" said I to a little boy in my class, who had been in the habit of coming late. "I came," he replied, "without my breakfast this morning, because you said you would come to see my mother about it, if I did not come sooner. My mother is in a consumption, and she has been very unwell for a long time, so that she cannot get up to give me my breakfast any sooner; and I was afraid if you came to tell her, that she would have to get up sooner, and it might make her worse; so I thought I would come without my breakfast this morning." "I did not know that your mother was sick, George," said I "but perhaps you will get sick, George, by going without your breakfast." "Oh no," said he, "it is not the first time I have done without it." "Well, George," said I, "you must eat plenty of dinner when you go home." "No," said he, "I am not going home to dinner, for fear I shall be late this

afternoon, but I will eat plenty of supper to-night, and that will make up for it." This was the smallest boy in my class. He was between seven and eight years old.

A TEACHER.

THE ECHO.

Little George had not yet the least idea of an echo. One day he happened to cry out in the midst of the fields; "Ho! ho!" and he instantly heard the same words repeated from the neighboring thicket. Surprised at the sound, he exclaimed, "Who are you?"—upon which the same voice also returned, "Who are you?" George cried out: "You must be a very foolish fellow."—"Foolish fellow!" repeated the voice from the thicket.

George now began to grow angry, and he uttered words of defiance towards the spot whence the sounds proceeded. The echo faithfully repeated all his words. Thereupon George, in order that he might avenge himself, searched through the wood for the boy; who he supposed was mocking him, but he could find nobody.

After searching in vain for some time, George ran home, and complained to his mother, that a wicked boy was concealed in the wood, for the purpose of mocking him. "Ah, now you are complaining of your own self," replied his mother.—"Know that you have heard nothing but your own words; for child you have more than once seen your face reflected in the clear water, so you have just heard your own voice in the wood. If you had uttered an exclamation of kindness, you would not have failed to receive a similar exclamation in reply. It is thus in every day life. The conduct of others towards us is generally but an echo of our own. If we deal honestly with them, they will be disposed to do the same towards us. But if we are harsh and rude towards our fellow creatures, we can expect nothing better on their part, in their conduct towards us."—Parley.

TO THE PUBLIC.

The undersigned, PHYSICIANS OF CINCINNATI, feel it their duty to express their decided opinion in opposition to the habitual, as well as the occasional use of ARDENT SPIRITS.

They are convinced, from their observation and experience, that ardent spirits are not only unnecessary, but absolutely injurious, in a healthful state of the system: That they produce many, and aggravate most of the diseases, to which the human frame is liable: That they are unnecessary in relieving the effects of cold and fatigue—which are best relieved by food and rest: That their use in families, in the form of bitters, toddy, punch, &c. is decidedly pernicious, perverting the appetite, and undermining the constitution: That they are equally poisonous as opium or arsenic, operating, sometimes, more slowly, but with as much certainty.

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